

Good Morning 473

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town News

MOST villages in the West Country have been busy raising "Welcome Home" funds for the local lads and lasses serving in the Forces.

Every week there are socials, dances, whist drives in aid of these funds.

Tamerton Foliot, a village near Plymouth held a whole week of Gala to raise £200. After the war 50 per cent. of the fund will go to Tamertonians disabled in war service.

The remainder will provide gifts for the dependants of the killed, for prisoners of war, local men engaged on flying duties, and those who have served for long periods abroad or since the beginning of hostilities.

Cornish villages that have adopted similar schemes include Trewennack, St. Hilary, Troon, Treskillard, St. Agnes, Breage, and Porthleven.

Porthleven, with nearly 300 away in the Forces, has set itself a target of £2,000.

YOUNG IDEA

Young Londoners evacuated to Devon and Cornwall are full of ideas for supplementing their pocket-money.

During the wasp plague which did great damage to orchards this summer one boy in the Tamar Valley made substantial profits as a nest "reporter."

Fruit growers were glad to pay him 6d. for every wasp's nest he discovered—and he located 50 in one garden alone!

BLITZ BABY.

A girls' school in Middleburg, Virginia, has adopted a Plymouth "blitz baby."

Her name is Shirley. A few months before she was born the house her parents occupied at Devonport received a direct hit. Her father and little brother were killed outright and her mother half buried in debris.

The Council of Social Service having heard from the school in Virginia about their plan to "adopt" a Plymouth child, nominated Shirley.

Expenses connected with her birth have been defrayed by a collection among the school-girls, who have also sent a sum to be invested for Shirley's education.

A correspondence has started between the school and Shirley's mother, who has been asked to write frequently giving details of the baby's progress.

"We are looking forward to the time when Shirley can write us herself, and come and pay us a visit," wrote one of the teachers.

BLIND TURN.

Sgt. A. M. Nichols, of St. Dunstan's, who was blinded and lost both hands in the last war, and triumphed over his difficulties to the extent that he now gives a complete entertainment at concerts in aid of St. Dunstan's, is a favourite



ON THE HOE.

At Plymouth, where once Drake played bowls, and now these ducks and drakes (yes, the Navy is there!) dance away the sunlit hours.

"turn" at Honicknowle, near Plymouth.

On a recent visit he took a taxi to the hall and was "rooked" of 13s., or double the correct fare.

It is not often, fortunately, that one hears of "robbing a blind man."

WHAT A PARTY, P.O. Reginald Chapman!

HERE is the picture you have been waiting for Petty Officer Reginald Chapman—your daughter Ann at her first birthday party.

And, in later years, if Ann forgets the day she was three, your wife Eileen will certainly never forget it. Ann invited all her friends from Allington-street, Liverpool 7., to come along to "No. 86."

And by the time they all sat down round the dining room table—a table overflowing with trifles, jellies, jam tarts (not forgetting the birthday cake with real icing and three candles)—there were ten little beaming faces licking their lips.

What a day for "No. 86." All the previous week Ann had been eyeing the cake. And when the time came when she was sitting at the top of the

IT seems as if final victory will come up and catch us unprepared, without even a good song for the celebration.

We have gone nearly all the way through this war without a good war song. We even had to borrow the Nazis' "Lilli Marlene" and put an English version to it for the lads to sing in Italy and Normandy.

OF course, there was "We're gonna hang out our Washing on the Siegfried Line, and though it was a success as a song, we did not at that time hang out our washing on that desirable military objective, so it was a flop.

As a matter of fact, the Nazis borrowed the tune from us and wrote sarcastic words in a rather clever lyric.

Now perhaps we are going to hang our washing out in Berlin—but we've no song with which to celebrate the deed.

Frankly, I have been trying for the past eight months to get a catchy lyric which does not sound too sickly-sentimental, and a tune which has melody and yet is sufficiently martial for the occasion.

The problem has beaten me. If there is a song to celebrate victory it won't be MY song. But it may be yours, even if you are an amateur. Indeed, in the "Tin Pan Alley" trade we are rather hoping that some gifted amateur or semi-pro will come forward with a "hit." We jaded, buzz-bombarded and financially hit professionals have failed to deliver the goods.

As you are manning your posts in British submarines guarding the sea-lanes, you may hit on a tune, quite by accident.

Somebody may be whistling some snatch of an old tune, and it suggests a new lilt to

you. Or maybe somebody starts singing an old lyric which suggests a new line in victory poetry to you, and hastily you pencil the words down.

If you have that luck, send them to any of the reputable publishers. They will give you a square deal if the song is likely to be commercially possible.

Don't on any account send it to any firm who wants you to pay any money whatever for the song to be professionally "read," or who asks you to subscribe towards its publication.

If your victory song is any use, you will be paid for it after publication, on a royalty basis. If it is no good, then the publisher won't handle it, and no amount of "subscription" on your part would turn it into a success.

The truth is that many successful songs in the early days of the war were written by men in most uncongenial circumstances for song writing.

"Washing on the Siegfried Line," for instance, was written by Jimmy Kennedy and Michael Carr, who also wrote "South of the Border." Jimmy was serving his time with an Ack Ack battery, and he got most of his ideas while on night guard duty.

Michael, who had not then been called up, used to travel

on business in crowded trains from London to Bristol. In the train one night he found himself sharing a compartment with a high-ranking Naval officer, who promised to offer advice and criticism as the work proceeded. Michael never learned the officer's identity.

"If I only had Wings," a favourite of the early war days, was a number inspired by personal experience. Before the war Sid Colin and Ronnie Aldrich were musicians, and played in leading dance bands—Sid the guitar, Ronnie the piano.

Then they joined the R.A.F. together, and when they were "wingless wonders," just humble A.C. Plonks, they together wrote "If I only had

Wings." It was a cry from the heart!

Hal Hallifax, lyricist of "Penny Serenade," another war-time favourite, was manager of the transport section of a catering concern. He joined the R.A.E., went to France, and out there wrote the words and music of "Tiggerty-Boo."

Not long ago a girl was volunteering for the W.A.A.F., and, looking a little puzzled at all her "docs" and seeing that she was now graded as "aircraftwoman second-class," she said, "What a fine title for a song that would make!"

Flight Lieut. John Barnes, a fighter pilot, overheard her, and he wrote the words of "My A.C.W.2," which became as famous as another R.A.F.-inspired song, "There's No A.M.O. About Love."

All that is very nice, but we still haven't got our victory song. As an old hand at the game, I wish you luck—but I am beginning to wonder if we shall ever get a new song that really expresses the spirit of our times.

We are too close to tremendous, vital happenings to be able to express them in song.

An old friend of mine was Edward Lockton, who died the other day at the age of 64. He

Marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses.

R. L. Stevenson.



"I've brought these for you, sir!"



Ann, three-year-old daughter of Petty Officer Reg. Chapman, helps her mother cut the cake at her first birthday party at No. 86 Allington Street, Liverpool

table with all her friends round her, she was so excited that it took her more than one blow to put out the three candles.

By the time you see the picture of Ann's birthday party, P.O. Chapman, a little box will be on its way to you, and inside it the first slice cut from Ann's cake. It was

Ann's own idea that the first slice should be sent to Daddy. Besides the party Ann had

lots of other excitement on that memorable Sunday.

Uncle Percy—he says he has not seen you for six years now—gave Ann a doll. Mrs. Marney, who lives over the road from "No. 86," brought

her a new dress. And Uncle Bill in Scotland sent a box of handkerchiefs.

There was to have been a surprise for you when you came on leave next, Reg, but we thought it a bit too good to keep it from you. Eileen, your wife, has got in a crate of three dozen "S.B.'s"!

had written more than 2,300 songs—including "Because," "Where my Caravan has Rested," and "Shipmates o' Mine."

A few days before he died he was trying to complete the lyric of a new song he called "A Brave New World is Waiting." It began:

"A Brave New World is waiting,
Beyond this lonely night,
A brave new world of hoping,
When breaks the dawning light."

He died before he finished it, so Evelyn Sharp completed it and set it to music. You may find it an inspiration for your own victory song—but you will have to cut out the sadness which crept into Lockton's lyric.

He told me that while on duty as a special constable outside Buckingham Palace during the last war he thought up that 1916 winner, "When the Great Red Dawn is Shining." It was played outside the Palace on Armistice Day, 1918.

This time it may be YOUR song which is played outside the Palace. Have a cut at it, even though the other lads laugh. You certainly won't make a fortune out of just one tune, but you will give the nation something to sing about, and that's well worth while.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Through the keyhole he saw princess in bath

ALADDIN told his mother all that had happened to him, how he went down to fetch the lamp; and when he would not give it to the magician, he caused him to be buried alive in the cave.

Alas! child, said she, I have not a bit of bread to give you; you ate up all the provisions I had in the house, yesterday. Mother, replied Aladdin, give me the lamp I brought home yesterday; I will go and sell it, and the money I shall get for it will serve both for breakfast and dinner, and perhaps supper too.

Aladdin's mother took the lamp, and said to her son, here it is, but it is very dirty; if it was a little cleaner, I believe it would bring something more. She took a little fine sand and water to clean it; but had no sooner begun to rub it, but in an instant an hideous genie, of gigantic size, appeared before her, and said to her, in a voice like thunder, What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp.

Aladdin's mother was not able to speak at the sight of this frightful genie, but fainted away; when Aladdin, without losing time for reflection, snatched the lamp out of his mother's hands, and said to the genie boldly, I am hungry; bring me something to eat.

The genie disappeared immediately, and, in an instant returned with a large silver basin on his head and twelve covered plates of

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



the same metal, which contained some excellent meats; six large white loaves on two other plates, and two bottles of wine, and two silver cups in each hand.

All these things he placed upon a table, and disappeared; and all this was done before Aladdin's mother came out of her swoon.

Aladdin went presently and fetched some water, and threw it in her face to recover her. His mother was very much surprised to see the great basin, twelve plates, six loaves, and the two bottles and cups, and to smell the delicious odour which exhaled from the plates.

Child, said she to Aladdin, to whom are we obliged for this great plenty and liberality? Has the sultan been made acquainted with our poverty, and had compassion on us?

It is no matter, mother, said Aladdin; let us sit down and eat; for you have as much need of a good breakfast as myself; when we have done I will tell you.

By the next night they had eaten all the provisions the genie had brought; and, the next day, Aladdin, who could not bear the thoughts of hunger, took one of the silver plates under his coat, and went out early to sell it, and, addressing himself to a Jew, whom he met in the streets, took him aside, and, pulling out the plate, asked him if he would buy it. The cunning Jew took the plate and examined it, and no sooner found it was good silver, but he took a piece of gold out of his purse, and gave it him, though it was but the sixtieth part of the worth of the plate.

After this manner of living we may easily suppose that the money Aladdin had sold the plates and basins for was sufficient to maintain them some time. They went on for many years by the help of the produce Aladdin, from time to time, made of his lamp.

One day, as Aladdin was walking about the town, he heard an order of the sultan's published, for all people to shut up their shops and

houses, and keep within doors, while the princess Badroulboudour, the sultan's daughter, went to the baths and back again.

This public order inspired Aladdin with a great curiosity to see the princess's face. But, to gratify his



Depth Charge.

curiosity, he presently thought of a scheme which succeeded; that was, to place himself behind the door of the bath, which was so situated that he could not fail of seeing her face.

Aladdin had not waited long before the princess came, and he could see her plainly through a chink of the door without being seen. She was attended by a great crowd of ladies, slaves, and eunuchs, who walked on each side and behind her. When she

came within three or four paces from the door, she took off her veil.

After the princess had passed by Aladdin, and entered the baths, he remained some time astonished, and in a kind of ecstasy, retracing and imprinting the idea of so charming an object deeply on his mind. But at last, considering that the princess was gone past him, and that, when she returned from the bath, her back would be towards him, and then veiled, he resolved to quit his post and go home.

But when he came there, he could not conceal his uneasiness so well but that his mother perceived it, and was very much surprised to see him so much more thoughtful and melancholy than usual; and asked him what had happened to make him so, or if he was ill. Aladdin returned her no answer, but sat carelessly down on the sofa, and remained in the same condition, full of the image of Badroulboudour.

After supper she asked him again why he was so melancholy, but could get no information; and he determined to go to bed rather than give her the least satisfaction.

Aladdin sat next day on the sofa, over against his mother, and, as she was spinning cotton, he spoke to her in these words: I perceive, mother, that my silence yesterday has very much troubled you. I was not, nor am I, sick, as I fancy you believed; but I can tell you that what I felt then, and now endure, is worse than any disease.

I love the princess with so much violence, that I cannot express it; and, as my lively passion increases every moment, I cannot live without the possession of the amiable princess Badroulboudour, and am resolved to ask her in marriage of the sultan, her father.

Mother, answered Aladdin, you must ask the princess Badroulboudour in marriage for me: it is a favour I desire of you, with all the respect I owe you.

The good old woman was very much embarrassed, when she found Aladdin so obstinately persisting in so foolish a scheme; and used all kinds of arguments to persuade him to give up his design. Aladdin heard very calmly all that his mother could say to endeavour to dissuade him from his design, and, after he had weighed her representation in all points, made answer: I own, mother, it is great rashness in me to presume to carry my pretensions so far; but as to what you say that I have nothing fit to present the sultan with, do not you think, mother, that what I brought home with me may be an agreeable present? I mean those jewels of inestimable value. You have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see

how they will look, when we have ranged them according to their different colours.

Aladdin's mother fetched the china dish, and he took the jewels out of the two purses in which he had kept them, and placed them in the dish. But the brightness and lustre they had in the day-time, and the variety of colours, so dazzled the eyes both of mother and son, that they were astonished beyond measure.

The next morning Aladdin's mother went to the sultan's palace with the present, but found the gates of the divan shut, for the council sat only every other day. This news she carried to her son, who had to exercise patience.

She went six times afterwards on the days appointed, placed herself always directly before the sultan, but with as little success as the first time. Only those with petitions came before the sultan and pleaded his cause in turn; and Aladdin's mother was not one of them.

But one day at last, after the council broke up, the sultan said to his grand vizier in his own apartment, I have for some time observed a certain woman who comes constantly every day and has something wrapped up in a napkin. She always affects to place herself before me. If she comes again next council day, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say.

Accordingly the next council day, the grand vizier saw her, and said to one of the officers, Tell her to come before the sultan.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. Gesso is chicken-food, weed-killer, plaster-of-Paris, insecticide, dress material?
2. Where are Lakes Balkash and Baikal?
3. Who plays the part of Old Ebenezer in the B.B.C.'s "The Old Town Hall"?
4. What side played cricket against Muggleton in Dickens's "Pickwick Papers"?
5. Name a hot, suffocating wind which blows from the Sahara across (a) Italy, (b) Spain.
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Permanent, Prominent, Parliament, Constituent, Dominant.

Answers to Quiz in No. 472

1. Wooden bucket.
2. South America, between Bolivia and Peru.
3. Warm and dry; Chinook.
4. No; sheep dogs are exempt if required for work.
5. Primo Carnera.
6. Particle, Article.

All government—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act—is founded on compromise and barter.

Edmund Burke.

Happiness depends, as Nature shows, Less on exterior things than most suppose.

W. Cowper (1731-1800).

Speak softly and carry a big stick.

Theodore Roosevelt.

WANGLING WORDS—412

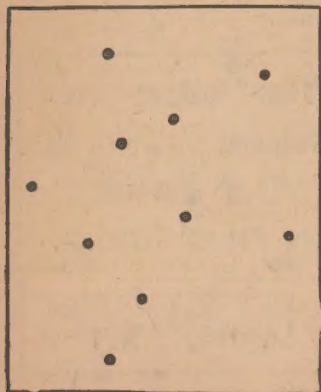
1. Put an article of clothing in ADES and write the result on the next two postcards you post.
2. Rearrange the letters of A PET HIP and be rewarded with a memorial.
3. In the following six great rivers the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 394B256, 949308, 8672R, 86L2, 68D15, T9715.
4. Find the two hidden nationalities in: Now the girl is wed, is her mother any longer man-hating and spiteful?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 411

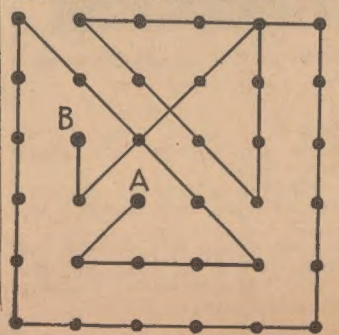
1. Moke.
2. MERCHANT, BLACK-SMITH.
3. Stone, Wood, Tile, Slate, Straw.
4. Otter, We-as-el.

WORK THIS OUT

In the diagram, only two straight lines can be drawn with exactly four dots in each row. The problem is to move two of the dots to such positions that ALL the dots are found to be arranged in five straight rows of four dots each. (Answer in No. 474)



Solution to Puzzle in No. 472.



JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								11
12				13			14	
15			16			17		
		18			19		20	
21	22				23	24		
25	26		27	28			29	
30		31		32			33	34
35			36			37		
38		39						
40						41		

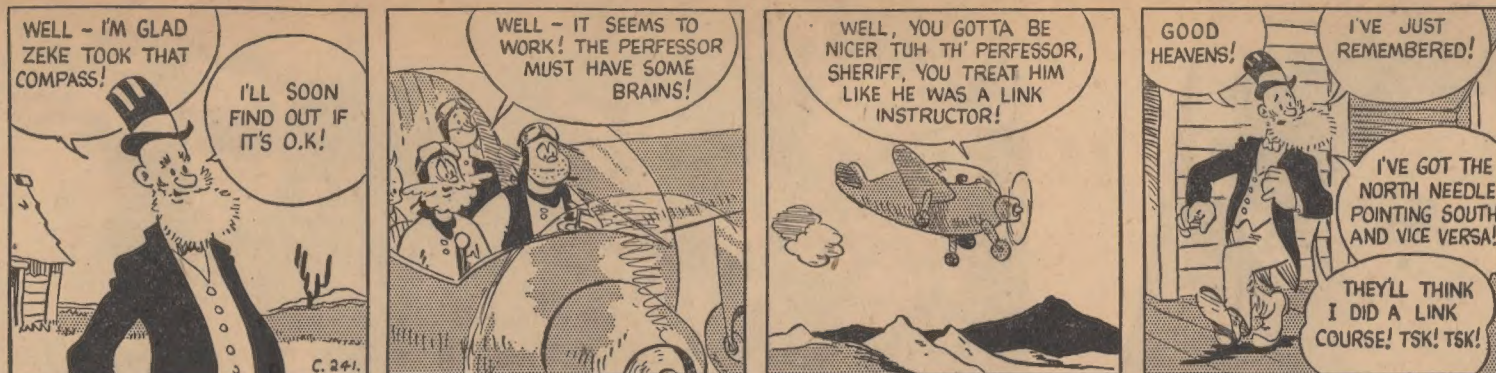
- 1 Top spar.
- 5 Spring.
- 10 Flood deposit.
- 11 Past.
- 12 Lively
- 13 Persons.
- 15 Complete.
- 17 Sodium
- 18 chloride.
- 20 Small bird.
- 22 Deer.
- 23 Border.
- 25 To rear of ship.
- 27 Since.
- 29 Whimper.
- 30 Declined.
- 32 Wrinkled.
- 35 Thigh bones.
- 37 Fish.
- 38 Remains.
- 39 Ponder.
- 40 Live.
- 41 Chief performer.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Challenge.
- 2 In company.
- 3 Level.
- 4 Useless.
- 5 Musician.
- 6 Shrub.
- 7 Man's name.
- 8 Musical instrument.
- 9 Devonshire town.
- 14 Separate.
- 16 Storm.
- 19 Vegetable.
- 21 African.
- 22 Evergreen oak.
- 24 Banquets.
- 26 Edible birds.
- 28 Custom.
- 29 Triangular tract.
- 31 Mathematical curves.
- 33 Ditch.
- 34 Stags.
- 36 Straight stick.

OHM BLUFFED
FOAMY SALVE
FURRORE COAT
STREAMER E
SEED R T A L C
C N A T T Y L O T
A B N H A M G
MUNCH P I P I T
PLAYED M A C E
E G G L U P I N X
RESUME CENT

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



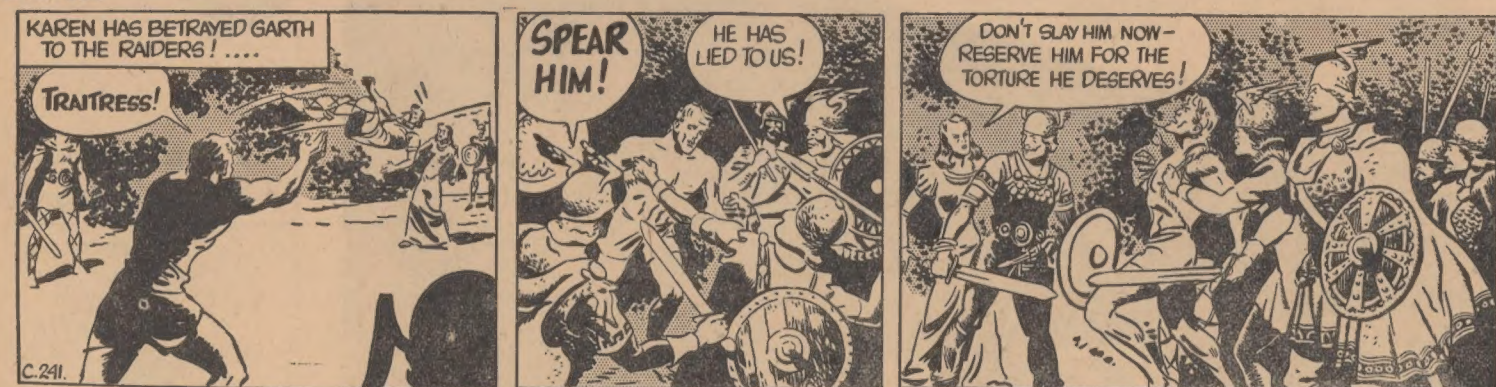
POPEYE



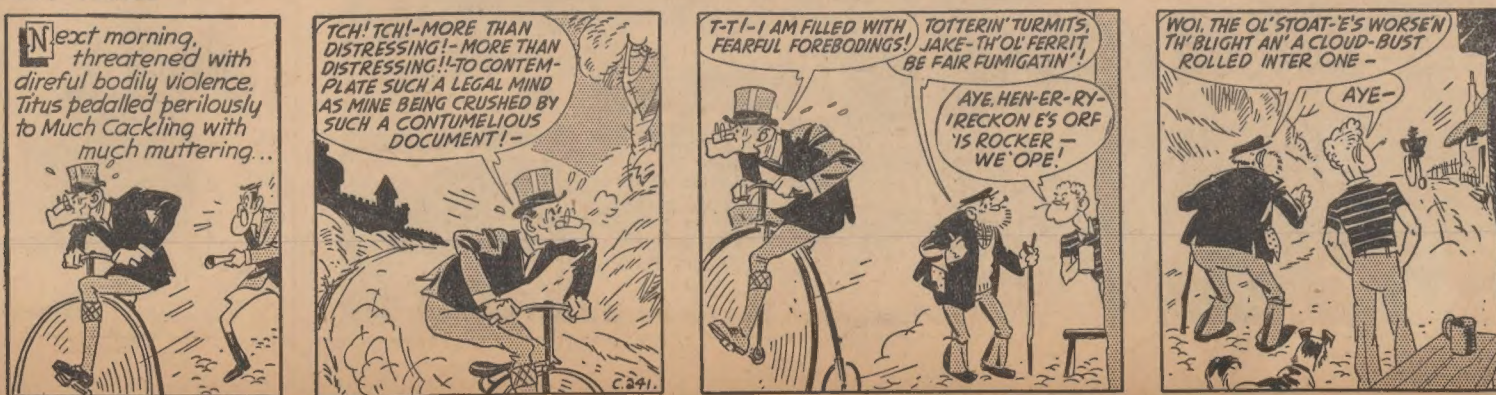
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GLASWEGIANS are nattering at the removal of an architectural curiosity from the western end of Bothwell Street. For many years there stood on the south side of the street six ancient arches, unconnected with anything, and the meaning of their presence there has puzzled many people. The pillars still remain, but the elaborately carved arches have been removed.

The story of these arches is not very widely known. They formed part of an ambitious scheme by James Scott, a Glasgow magistrate, who conceived the idea of completing Bothwell Circus (as it was then called) all the way to St. Vincent Street in the same style as that of the Eagle Buildings, which run west from Pitt Street. The arches on that row of buildings are in the same style as the six which have now been demolished. The reason for the failure of the building scheme is not known.

THOUGH he denied the invention of the "spoonerism," Dr. W. A. Spooner, whose birth centenary occurred recently, can hardly escape a measure of immortality on account of the ascription, for in the "Oxford Dictionary" the word is definitely associated with his name.

According to a former student at New College, the legend began some fifty years ago, when Dr. Spooner one morning announced a well-known hymn as "Kinkering Kongs their titles take," and the wits at once set to work devising similar tongue-tangles, which they fathered on the Warden.

Thus he was alleged to have remarked: "We all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish in our bosoms"; to have accused a lazy undergraduate of having "tasted a whole worm"; to have confided, concerning the discovery of a cosy nook, that he had "hit on such a nice nosy little cook"; and, speaking in a debate on Lord Peel's report on the Licensing Laws, to have declared: "We are all in favour of the repeal of Lord Port."

ONE hundred Service and office girls have volunteered for hostess duties in a North-East canteen.

When the club was instituted a few months ago there was an acute shortage of dance partners for the troops, so a register of amateur partners was compiled.

Jesse M. Chiles, khaki-dressed coloured director, tells me: "Every soldier, sailor, airman, or merchant sailor who goes into the club is sure of a dance partner."

"We got into touch with women's organisations and churches and got them to recommend girls. Now we have 100 girls on our hostess list. Every applicant has to be highly recommended as to character. They have special identity cards bearing their photographs, and a check-up is made every time they enter the club."

Music is provided by a coloured Service orchestra, and most of the dancers are negroes.

AUSTRALIA has introduced something new in the way of baby carriers.

One mother, short of a pram and without domestic help, took a haversack, modified it to make a seat for junior, and went out shopping the convenient way, the carrier taking the weight and allowing one arm free to carry parcels.

A West Australia photographer "snapped" the inventor and the picture was published. The idea caught the public fancy, and demands came in for the pattern.

Eventually the article went into mass production, and hundreds of people now are sporting the 1944 model.

Americans have taken it up as an improvement on the Indian papoose carrier.

HEARD at the Southend Police Court:

She feared her lack of experience. She feared being alone. She feared the nearness of soldiers "hanging around."

Ron Richards

Good Morning

FATIMA THE FAVOURITE WIFE?

"Well, hardly. The name's Olive Lurton, and she's one of London's hard-working A.R.P. girls. Regard the 'incident' as closed, please."



"By a babbling brook, in a shady nook — all very fine and large; but what's Mum going to say if you get your pants muddy, my fighting cocks?"



Bonnie Scotland

"Now, which is Creag an Fheadain and which Ben Meggernie? Is there a Highlander in the audience? Even a Sassenach can recognise the grandeur of Glen Lyon when he meets it face to face."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"No favourites with me. Treat 'em all alike, say I."

